



Oh, Shit! by LizzySong

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Summary: Steve gets badly injured by a demodog in the tunnels and hides it from the kids until he can't anymore. Cue the kids freaking out a trying to figure out what to do. (Rated T for swearing and a little violence)

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note: I got a request on my tumblr to do a fic for episode 9 where Steve gets injured by one of the Demodogs and the kids have to take care of him, so here is the first chapter! I'm not sure how many chapters this is gonna be yet, but I know it'll at least be 2. Hope you like it! I'll update as soon as I finish chapter 2!

Those things were coming. Those, what did Dustin call them? Demodogs?

He needed to make sure the kids got out safe, and he lifted them out the hole where they'd entered one by one. First Max, then Lucas, then Mike, then... Shit! It was too late. The Demodogs were surrounding them. Steve was standing at the ready with his bat, keeping Dustin close to him so that he wouldn't get trampled.

They'd almost made it unscathed before Steve felt one of the demodogs run into his side as it ran past. Its claws had scraped his leg, leaving a deep gash, and he grunted in pain.

After what felt like hours, but was really less than a minute, the monsters had passed. Quickly, Steve hoisted Dustin up far enough to reach the rope, then climbed up after him, with more difficulty than he usually would due to his injured leg -- not to mention the previous beating he'd suffered at the hands of Billy Hargrove.

He pulled himself up and laid down in the dirt for minute, breathing heavily.

"...Everybody okay?" he asked after he caught his breath. The kids nodded in response. "Good. Now let's get the hell outa here." He stood up at this point and lead the kids back to the car.

They stood in the glow of the headlights for a moment as they became blindingly bright and then dimmed again. "What the hell..." Steve said in a hushed tone. "El," Mike said.

"...I'll drive," Max said after another couple moments.

"No. Nope. No way in hell. Being in the car while you're driving is worse than fighting those demo-things," Steve said. "Demodogs," Dustin corrected and Steve rolled his eyes, "Whatever."

The five of them piled into the car, Steve behind the wheel, Dustin riding shotgun, and Mike, Lucas, and Max in the back seat.

They arrived back at the Byers' and upon entering they found Billy still unconscious on the floor. "Shit," Max and Steve said in unison.

"What should we do with him?" Max asked. "I'll drag him outside. We'll leave him on the porch -- he can drive himself home when he wakes up," Steve said, "You guys just go wait in the kitchen until Mrs Byers gets home."

The kids obeyed, much to Steve's surprise, and he sighed. Now that the adrenaline had worn off, he couldn't ignore the pain he was in. His head was pounding from the beating he'd taken from Billy earlier that night, and he could barely put any weight on the leg that the demodog had ripped open, and... shit, was that blood?

The creature had done more damage than he'd originally thought, and now the blood was dripping down his leg to the floor. He didn't know how long he'd been bleeding before that.

He sighed and bent down, grabbing Billy's unconscious figure by the arms, and dragging him out the door and onto the porch with great difficulty.

"You're a real asshole, you know that?" Steve said as he not-so-gently dropped the other boy onto the splintering, wooden porch.

He limped his way back into the house, closing and bolting the door behind him, and leaning his back against it, feeling his head swim.

He needed to do something about his leg before he lost more blood. He didn't know much about injuries that weren't sport related, but he knew that losing blood wasn't a good thing.

He started walking away from the door, planing on making his way to the kitchen. One of those kids had to know where the Byers' kept a first-aid kit, right?

Steve only got a few steps, however before his head swam again -- so badly this time that he couldn't focus and before he knew what had happened, he felt himself hit the floor, unable to catch himself. "Shit," he thought. He weakly tried to get back up, but between his pounding head and his bleeding leg, he just couldn't muster the energy, and he felt himself falling unconscious.

Just then the kids came running in, having heard the thump Steve had made when he fell. The last thing he was aware of before he fell into complete unconsciousness was Dustin yelling "Oh shit!"

"What's wrong with him?" Max asked in a tone of confused concern. "I don't know," Mike said with an edge to his voice, "*Your* brother beat the shit out of him!"

"He's *not* my brother!" Max yelled.

"Guys..." Lucas said, staring at Steve's unconscious form. "Why do you even care about him?" Mike said, gesturing to Steve. He was still yelling at Max, having not heard Lucas. "He tried to protect us!" Max said, "Why *don't you* care?!"

"Guys!" Lucas yelled, and Max and Mike stopped arguing to look at him. "What?!" they said in unison.

Lucas pointed at Steve's injured leg, "He's bleeding."

2. Chapter 2

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!!" Dustin was yelling as he paced the floor near Steve's unconscious figure.

"Shut up!" Max yelled at him, "You're not helping!"

"What should we do?" Lucas asked. "We should get him to the hospital before he bleeds out," Max said.

"We can't take him to a hospital!" Lucas said.

"Lucas is right. If we take him to the hospital then we're gonna be asked all sorts of questions. Questions we *can't* answer," Mike said in a calm but firm voice.

"Well, what then?" said Dustin, "We can't just leave him here!"

"I have an idea," Max said, kneeling down next to Steve. "One of you, get me a long piece of cloth."

"What are you gonna do?" Lucas asked. "My dad taught me how to tie a tourniquet," Max said simply.

Dustin went to the window and unceremoniously ripped one of the curtains off of it. He walked back over to Max, handing it to her.

She ripped part of the curtain into a thin, bandage-like cloth, and proceeded to tie it just above the gash on Steve's leg.

After she'd finished, Max looked up at the boys who'd somehow become her closest, and *only*, friends, "That should keep him from bleeding out -- for a while at least -- but we should probably stitch him up if we can. Do any of you know if Mrs. Byers has a sewing kit?"

She spoke in a very matter-of-fact tone, her voice surprisingly even, and if the boys weren't in such a state of high anxiety, they would've been impressed.

"...Hello?" Max asked, waving a hand in front of her friends to get

their attention, "Did you hear me? We gotta stitch him up!"

"Uh, yeah. Yeah... I think I know where Mrs. Byers keeps her sewing kit..." Mike said, startled out of his trance.

"...Can you go get it?" Max said, trying not to yell at him. Mike was freaked out... and tired... and in shock -- for other reasons besides Steve lying unconscious and bleeding. She knew this, and she tried to be patient with him... but god he was annoying sometimes.

Mike left the room to find the sewing kit, and Max looked down at Steve's face for the first time since the kids had found him.

He looked bad. She hadn't noticed how bad he'd looked earlier when they'd taken him with them to the tunnels. She'd been trying to focus on driving, and when they were in the tunnels they all had their faces covered.

But Billy really did a number on the teenager. ...And it was her fault. She should've stopped hanging out with these kids, then Billy would've left them alone and this wouldn't have happened.

"How do you know how to do all this?" Lucas asked, bringing Max out of her train of thought.

"My grandpa was in the military. He taught my dad how to do this stuff, and then my dad taught me," Max said absentmindedly, still looking down at Steve.

Mike returned with a sewing kit and the first aid kit they'd used to patch Steve up earlier.

He handed Max the two kits and then went and sat on the sofa while Max worked on fixing Steve's leg.

The children were silent for some time until Max finally stood up and addressed her friends, "Okay, we should get him off the floor. Let's move him to the couch -- same way we got him into the car."

The boys nodded, Mike standing up from the couch and joining the others.

They managed to get Steve to the couch and tried to make him as comfortable as they could.

...Then they saw headlights shining through the window and wondered how the hell they were going to explain this.

3. Chapter 3

The door opened a few moments after the children had seen the headlights, and Hopper and Eleven walked in.

El looked exhausted, dried blood from her nose still on her upper lip. She had her arms wrapped around Hopper's waist for both comfort and support, and he had an arm wrapped her shoulders.

Mike ran over to El, hugging her as tightly as he could, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, leaning her weight into him instead of Hopper.

Meanwhile, Jim went to the other children and Steve. "Is one of you going to tell me why there's an unconscious teenager on the front porch?" He asked them.

"That's my step-brother," Max said, "He was going after Lucas, but Steve stopped him and fought him instead. ...But then Billy beat the shit out of him. I knocked him out with the thing we were using to knock Will out."

As Max was telling Hopper about Billy, he had moved the kids away from Steve, and was inspecting the boy's numerous injuries.

He looked at Max with a skeptical look, "And how did he get that?" He said, pointing to the crudely stitched up gash on Steve's leg.

Max exchanged looks with the boys, and Mike spoke up, slowly walking over with Eleven, who still had most of her weight being support by him, "That wasn't Billy. ...We went into the tunnels and... we lit the hub on fire to distract the demodogs from you and El."

"You did what?!" Hopper yelled.

"It was the only way," Mike said, in a surprisingly calm voice. Eleven was giving Mike a concerned look, but she knew he was right. If the demodogs had surrounded them the whole time, she never would've been able to close the gate.

Jim ran an exasperated hand over his face, deciding to pick his

battles. "Okay... Who fixed his leg?"

"Max did," Lucas said, looking at Max with a small smile, which she returned.

"You did this?" Hopper asked Max. She nodded. "Not bad," Hopper said with a slight smile.

Headlights shined through the window, which they knew to be from Joyce, Jonathan, Will, and Nancy.

Joyce entered through the door with Will; in much the same manner as Hopper and El had come with Joyce supporting Will's weight. Nancy and Jonathan came in close behind them, holding hands.

"Why is there a..." Joyce started to ask, but then she saw Hopper and the kids huddled around Steve and deduced what mustve happened to the other unconscious teen on her front porch.

"Oh my god," said Nancy, worry clear on her face, "What happened?"

"Billy, then demodogs," Dustin said absentmindedly, not looking at Nancy. "Is he gonna be okay?" he spoke to Hopper this time.

Hopper looked up at Dustin, and could tell he was scared. It was kinda sweet, really, how the teen had taken that boy under his wing. "Yeah, kid," Jim said, "He's gonna be fine."

There was a quiet groan from couch and the kids -- even Will and El -- gathered around, staring down at the injured teenager with concern.

Steve slowly opened his eyes, seeing the kids nervously gathered around him. "...What the hell..." he said softly. He tried to bring a hand to his face but Hopper gently grabbed his arm, "Don't touch it, kid."

Steve looked at the man kneeling next to the couch, then at Dustin, in confusion. "Hey, buddy," Dustin said, "How ya feelin'?"

"...Did Max run me over?" Steve asked, making Dustin, Lucas, and Mike laugh slightly, Max roll her eyes, and earning confused glances

from the others.

Steve tried to sit up, then immediately laid back down with a pained groan of, "Oh, god."

He gingerly touched the stitched up wound on his leg, and frowned, "What...?"

"Max," said Mike in response, and Steve gave her a small, grateful smile.

"Okay," Hopper said, standing up and addressing the kids, "I have questions. But they can wait 'til tomorrow. Right now you need sleep."

Joyce already had Will close at her side again, and she wasn't sure she'd ever let him go and she knew she'd be sleeping in his room tonight to keep an eye on him.

The other children knew they'd be spending the night on the living room floor, and Jim knew he'd be up all night, watching the kids and making sure that that Harrington kid didn't sleep for too long at a time -- because there was no doubt in Hopper's mind that the kid had a pretty bad concussion.

4. Chapter 4

Author's note: Thank you so much for all the faves and follows! I'm so glad you're enjoying this fic, because I've been having a lot of fun writing it!! Sadly, this will be the last chapter -- but remember, you can always request fics by PMing me or sending them to my tumblr via ask (anons accepted)! (My tumblr has the same name and profile photo as this account)

Thanks again!

Until the next fic!

-LizzySong

It had only taken a short time for the group to gather blankets and pillows and go to sleep.

El was the first to fall asleep, holding tightly to Mike's hand with her own, even as she slept, as if he might disappear if she were to let go.

Mike held out a little longer, but also fell asleep, not long after she did.

Lucas and Max had stayed up for a while talking, but Lucas also succumbed to sleep.

Will was asleep in his room with Joyce at his bedside -- she wouldn't be sleeping tonight.

Nancy and Jonathan were in Jonathan's room, talking.

Hopper was dozing in a chair he'd pulled over near the couch to keep an eye on Steve.

Max and Dustin were both still awake, sitting on the floor in front of the couch, talking quietly about what had happened earlier that night.

And Steve... well, Steve was in and out throughout the night -- sometimes on his own, but mostly because Hopper kept waking him

up. But now he sleeping comfortably... or as comfortably as he could on the Byers' couch with a bad concussion and a deep wound that, despite what Max had done to fix it up, was probably still going to get infected.

Max and Dustin continued talking until they heard a slight movement behind them. They turned around and looked at Steve, both ready to jump up and wake Hopper if they needed to.

Steve's eyes opened slowly, and he jumped slightly when he saw two worried faces so close to his own that he couldn't focus of them properly.

"Jesus..." he said softly, and put a hand to his head. The kids backed up a little to give him some space. "What are you shitheads still doing up?" he smiled a little.

Max and Dustin exchanged a look and then Max looked back at Steve. She looked like she might start crying and Steve's amused smile turned into a look of concern. "What's wrong?" he asked. "I'm sorry," Max said, tears coming to her eyes, "It's my fault your like this."

"Hey," Steve said, slowly sitting up and then lowering himself to the floor, sitting between the two kids and resting his back against the couch, "It's not your fault your step-brother's an asshole."

"If I wasn't with you guys he wouldn't have come, though."

"So... what...? Your supposed to not have a life because of him? It wasn't your fault. Okay?"

"...She knocked him out, too," Dustin said, "With the stuff we were using on Will. And then she threatened to whack him with your bat if he didn't leave us all alone. ...It was awesome."

Steve smiled and looked back at Max. "Seriously?" he asked, and she nodded in response.

"Well next week we're gonna go buy you a bat of your own and hammer some nails into it -- just in case," he said, and Max's face lit up with a smile that was bright enough to illuminate the whole room.

Steve returned her smile and pulled her into a protective, brotherly hug.

After a few moments they let go, though Max was still leaning into Steve a little.

"...I'm sorry about the tunnel," Dustin said after a little while, "I should've been faster... then we could've gotten out before the demodogs got to us."

"No," Steve said, "That wasn't your fault. *I* should've been faster. I should've gotten you out -- that's on me. It was my responsibility to protect you shitheads. It's not your fault I got hurt."

Dustin smiled slightly at him, and Steve sighed, pulling both kids into a hug with a small smile. Both of them were like siblings to him now, and he hated the thought of them blaming themselves for his injuries.

"...So... are you sleeping down here now, too?" Max asked.

"...Yeah," Steve said, nodding. "Yeah, I don't think I'm gonna be able to get back up there," he gestured to the couch, "...Unless you two wanna lift me up there again..."

"No!" Max and Dustin said in unison, making Steve laugh. "Yeah," the teen said with a small smile, "I don't think that'd be fun for any of us. --Now, are you two gonna let me get some sleep, or what?"

The kids nodded, both resting their heads on either of Steve's shoulder's and closing their eyes.

Steve sighed. It struck him as odd, at first, that two kids he didn't know that we'll both felt this safe with him, but when he considered the events of the night -- from demodogs, to Billy... and back to demodogs again -- he understood. And it made him smile.

He knew that after tonight, he'd be the designated babysitter for these kids, and he was okay with that.

He leaned into the couch, feeling the weight of Max and Dustin on his shoulders as he drifted into sleep.